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YOUNG AND OLD.

EVER since the beginning of the world, we believe, there have been two great contending parties in it, the young and the old—at least, there must have been such two parties ever since any portion of the race grew up into any thing like age. These two parties appear, throughout all history and literature, as they do at the present moment in the living world, animated by entirely different and irreconcilable principles—the young being all for this and that and t'other thing, and the old setting themselves right against all these things, and doing all in their power to prevent the young from getting them. Never yet, we suppose, was there a human being who, at twenty, did not think that he was far too much kept down by his seniors in almost all things he had a tendency to, and far too much benched about all kinds of things to which he was repugnant. And never yet was there a human being who, at sixty, did not believe that young men are apt to take far too much of their own way, and at once to do the very things they ought not to do, and neglect the things which it is their duty and interest to attend to. It is the same being who is thinking in both cases, but thinking under the influence of different feelings and different circumstances.

The best way, perhaps, to place these differences in a striking point of view, will be to suppose a man existent at the two different periods of life at once, but under different names (it may easily be supposed he has changed his name in the interval for a succession), and to place his sentiments on various matters, as entertained at the two different periods, in juxtaposition. We shall suppose him a Mr Torrington at the one period, and a Mr Chillingworth at the other.

TORRINGTON. "Well, that was a nice girl I saw at the Fancy Ball last night. Handsome foot and ankle—sweet engaging face. And, if I don't flatter myself, she did not seem at all displeased with my attentions. Pity, though, her father and mother are such stiff old frumps. Say he is rich, and determined on having a grand match for her. Horrid old rascal, to think of forcing the affections of his daughter. No consideration for young feelings in these flinty fathers. I dare say he would not care to marry her to some old fellow of three or four-and-thirty, if he only had a title. What a sacrifice that would be! Dear, enchanting girl—if she would but trust herself to me, I should be delighted to rescue her from her impending fate. True, I am only a student of medicine, not too well off for pocket-money. But poverty with such an angel would be the wealth of the Indies. And we might hope that old Chillingworth would relent—especially if he saw her kneeling with three babes at his feet, and knew that he could not make a better of it. Needn't ask my father about this, for he always preaches to me the necessity of getting on a little in the world before I marry. Plague on all these old people together! They crush young hearts. Hang me if I would care to marry the girl to-morrow, just to spite them. Well, I'll go out and take a walk in the New Town, and perhaps I may meet her. It would be delicious to come upon her sitting by herself in one of the arbours of the Prince's Street Gardens. Might speak to her there about my love for her, and propose running off."

CHILLINGWORTH. "Maria, my dear, I'm told by your mother that you danced last night with a young fellow, who was only introduced by one of the stewards, and that you seemed rather to like him. Take care, my dear, of those young fellows who come to balls, and whom nobody knows. Very likely some writer's clerk, or some medical student. He may be a handsome enough fellow, but what is that? Twenty

thousand people may be as handsome, while far more eligible otherwise. In fact, my dear, you must be on your guard. You know you will have most of my fortune, and that should get you a good match. I am but a physician, it is true, but one of the first in town, and money excuses every thing. Then you are a smart-looking girl. You ought to have a baronet, at the least. I have been thinking of Sir James Doneup, who seemed a good deal taken when he last visited us. Any how, beware of nameless young fellows, such as he who danced with you last night. You will, of course, cut that fellow if you meet him on the street. He may have some design on you, pretending it is all for love and that kind of thing, while, in reality, he thinks of my cash. But I shall be upside with him, for you know, if you do not marry prudently, and with the approbation of your parents, you are to be cut off with a shilling. Now, mind, cut him without mercy. Rascal, to think of even dancing with my daughter!"

TORRINGTON. "My dear Tom, what are you about in that stupid place you have got to? All rurality and innocence now, I suppose. We have been getting some famous fun here. Dick and I went to the theatre last night, to ogle one of the actresses—a very pretty girl, I can tell you. I think she rather liked it, but the house thought us troublesome, and we got turned out. We adjourned to the Café, and had some oysters and gin punch—they make it famous there. A gentleman near us gave a song, and we sat quite happy for two hours, thinking of nothing but the bar-maid's pretty hand. I told Tom I had just got in a hundred cigars from Twist's, and asked him home with me to smoke a few of them. The governor does not like to be disturbed; so I have got a pass-key, which lets me in at any hour. Jenny was easily bribed to give us hot water in a quiet way; so we set to work, and drank and smoked the whole night, just to see if we could do it. I found my stock of cigars half finished this morning; so you see we had made a night of it. I do love a cigar. It is the true spell to banish all care. I smoke five every evening just now on Prince's Street, which is two more than any other fellow does of my acquaintance. I have lately taken a little to rhyming, and have written a song on smoking and drinking, which some of my friends say is worthy of the German burachen. They come just now in flocks every night to hear it at my lodgings; and as it is quite ineffective till the fifth tumbler, you may suppose I am not profiting by my authorship. However, they are all capital fellows, and it is pleasant to see them so happy over my whisky and verse. The old gentleman, however, has got rather restive of late. He laid his hands somehow upon a bill of Twist's for twelve pounds ten shillings, being my year's cigars, and he has since then scarcely spoken to me. If it were not for mamma, I don't know how I should carry on the war. Hope soon to see you in town, and to have a merry evening with you. Till then, believe me your sincerest friend—J. B. T."

CHILLINGWORTH. "Ellen, my dear, did you hear John come in last night? Between one and two it was, for I struck my repeater. And he brought in one of his worthless companions too, and I am told by Jenny that they did not part till long after daylight. That boy is running entirely off his feet. He does nothing but smoke and drink all night, and sleep all day. He is running sadly into debt, and not a day passes but I am applied to for payment of some of his scores. I have settled the cigar bill, liable to proper discount; but I have told Twist that I will never pay another. He is becoming quite notorious in town. I am sure we brought him up carefully enough. He never was allowed to be out later than seven o'clock,

till he was past sixteen. Plenty of sound advices too he got. But all has been in vain. I really do not understand the young men of the present day. They seem to be entirely given up to amusements, and to such besotting amusements too! I am sure it was very different with the young men of my time. Wife, wife, that boy is going headlong to destruction."

We read every day of such opposite sentiments in men at different periods of life and in different circumstances, and think little of them, regarding them as the sentiments of different men, and therefore no more than what is to be expected. But if we were to consider the authors of such various sentiments as in reality one person, only acting at different periods of his life, and under the influence of different circumstances, the case would appear to us in a much more interesting light. Such, there cannot be the least doubt, is its real light. He who to-day deems it quite right and fitting to inveigle a rich heiress into matrimony, and looks on all the sober connections who oppose the plan as selfish and unfeeling, is the very man who, twenty or thirty years after, considers it one of his first duties to warn his children against a rash engagement of their affections, and looks upon all like what he once was as so many compounds of folly and knavery, who would steal his daughters and his money if they could. But it is not only between twenty and sixty that such differences exist. We could easily suppose a much more ample illustration of the case. In one room there might be assembled, besides the youth of twenty and the old gentleman of sixty, a child of five years, a middle-aged man, and a reverend signior of some eighty or eighty-four. We might then see the gentleman of sixty not only lecturing the youth on his gadding after young ladies and his propensity to cigar-smoking and the wearing of un-called-for spurs, but expressing his surprise at the man of five-and-thirty being so much engrossed in politics—a study which he has long given up as profitless and vain. Occasionally, as his lecture proceeded, he would threaten to turn the little fellow of five out of the room for running his mimic wheelbarrow over his gouty foot, and making such an incessant din in the course of his senseless sports. He would endeavour in vain perhaps to engage the middle-aged gentleman in a disquisition on the stock of various insurance and railway companies he had purchased into—said middle-aged gentleman not caring for any thing in the meantime but the *Morning Chronicle's* account of the last triumph of his party in the House of Commons. Our youth, after listening with contempt to that part of the lecture which applied to himself, would heartily sympathise in that part of it which referred to the gentleman with the newspaper—a man for whose taste he could in no way account, and which he utterly detested. He would also cordially sympathise in the anathema launched at the noisy youngster, and, after seconding it by thrusting the little chap out of the room (youngster going off, as usual, squalling and looking upon all seniors as tyrants), would set himself down in a corner, to insert in a pretty green and gold album certain original verses not oftener than thrice printed, beginning, "Isabel, those eyes of blue." All this time, the venerable octogenarian in the chimney corner would be despatching in his heart alike the sexagenarian with his endless details about prices of stock, the middle-aged newspaper-reader, full of party politics, and the youth penning his sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow, and scarcely looking with more forbearance on the poor child with his merry voice and his toy-cart, seeing that all he now wants is permission to doze. Yet, it is quite conceivable that the child, the youth, the man of thirty-five, the sexagenarian, and the lean

and slippered pantaloons, are all one person, only allowed for the hour to exist in five different periods of human life, separately, with all the predilections and intolerances peculiar to each.

To reflect on this possibility may not be without its advantages. If the youth, when disposed to blame his seniors for severity and want of sympathy with his inclinations, or when indulging in habits which he knows that they condemn, were to consider that in time, if he continues to live, he may be disposed to think exactly as they do, he might see reason to fear that his present conduct and principles were not quite so sure to be reasonable and justifiable as he has hitherto supposed. A corresponding recollection on the part of the mature, that they once felt exactly as their sons now feel, might lead them to take more tolerant views of the conduct of the young, and to appeal to them rather by reasoning than by vituperation or force. To all, the effect of the consideration ought to be a lesson of mutual toleration and forbearance.*

ESCAPES OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

AFTER the death of Charles I. on the scaffold, his eldest son, afterwards the second British sovereign of the name, made, it is well known, a gallant attempt to overturn the party which had hurled his father from the throne. The battle of Worcester, however, fought on the 3d of September 1651, determined this second struggle also in favour of Cromwell and the republicans. In this conflict Charles had only twelve thousand men, chiefly Scots, to oppose to thirty thousand of the enemy; but in spite of this disparity of numbers, as well as of the experienced leadership of Cromwell, the prince, then only twenty-two years of age, was not defeated without a most obstinate contest. Whatever he might be afterwards as a king, he certainly showed on this occasion a spirit worthy of a prince who staked his life for the acquisition of a crown. Even when all hope of success was over, and when his troops were flying through the streets of Worcester, he made an ardent attempt to rally them, and finding his exhortations fruitless, he cried, "Then shoot me dead, rather than let me live to see the sad consequences of this day!" It was almost by force that his friends could prevail upon him to retreat from the town before the conquering enemy.

What became of him afterwards, remained long a mystery. And almost miraculous it was that it should have been so, for Cromwell, whose eagle eye already saw a crown in the distance, hunted like a bloodhound for the unfortunate prince who stood between him and his object. A reward of one thousand pounds was offered for Charles's person, and the severest penalties of treason denounced against all who should afford him shelter. Parties of foot and horse scoured incessantly the counties adjacent to the scene of the late fight, and the strictest watch was kept on the coasts and ports around. Yet no trace of the flight, or clue to the retreat of the king (Charles had been crowned king of Scotland), could be discovered, though the fate of almost every other individual of note in the royalist party had been ascertained. The pursuit of the king was rendered for many weeks more close by its being known that he was undoubtedly not out of England.

It was not without many hair-breadth escapes, and many striking exhibitions of loyalty on the part of various individuals, that Charles was preserved from his enemies. The side of the town of Worcester by which the retreat was effected, led the fugitives into the northern road, which they pursued at speed for a time, without any other object than that of leaving the enemy behind. During the night after the battle, Charles found a body of the Scottish cavalry collected around him, too weak in numbers to be of any service in the crisis, and at the same time far too numerous for the purposes of concealment. The king therefore separated with a small party of his friends from the main band, and directed his course to the borders of Derbyshire, where the Earl of Derby told him a secure retreat might be found in the house of Boscobel, a seat belonging to that nobleman, who was himself soon after taken and executed. After riding till morning, the party reached Whiteladies, another house belonging to the family of Derby, and not far distant from Boscobel. At Whiteladies the king halted scarcely an hour, fatigued as he was; but whilst he was there, he assumed a disguise such as his confidants thought most likely to ensure his safety. "He was divested of his apparel," says a manuscript written at the time, "his hair cut off, and habited like a country fellow;" while at the same time his hands and face were stained, and a wood-bill was given him to complete his pretended character.

When Charles was thus disguised, those of his friends who were admitted to the secret took leave of him with tears, and then all rode away from Whiteladies, without well knowing whether they were going. The king was now left under the charge of four

brothers, named Penderel, men whose unshaken fidelity has made their name honourable in history.* Yates, their brother-in-law, was united with them in the task of attendance on the king. After the departure of his friends, Charles was led by his guides into the thickest part of the adjoining woods, and this step was taken just in time, for, not an hour afterwards, a troop of horse came and searched the house of Whiteladies. This first narrow escape was perfectly known to the king, whose guides had stationed themselves at different points, whence they could observe the approach of enemies from all quarters. The royal fugitive himself was lying meanwhile under a tree, attended by one of the brothers, surnamed the Trusty Richard, and would have been tolerably at ease, but for the wet and stormy character of the day, which would not permit him to repose himself on the blanket which Trusty Richard had brought to him. While in this situation, he was visited by the sister and mother of the Penderels with food and refreshments. The old woman fell on her knees, and gave thanks to God for having chosen her sons to be the preservers, as she was confident they would, of the life of their sovereign.

In this wood the king continued till nine o'clock of the evening of that day (September 4th), when, under the guidance and by the advice of Richard Penderel, he struck across Staffordshire towards a place called Madely, in Shropshire, near the Severn, in the hope of finding an asylum in Wales till he could leave the coast. He reached his intended place of rest, after a most fatiguing march, at midnight. The house where the fugitives stopt was that of Mr Wolf, a recusant clergyman, who, on admitting them, expressed the greatest alarm for their safety, as two regiments were stationed in the village to watch for the royalists, and as his own house had been recently searched, as a suspected place. The king and his guide, therefore, were obliged to take up their quarters behind some hay in a barn, and in this place they lay till it was dark on the 5th. In the interval, their host had made diligent inquiries, and had found that every boat was secured and every bridge guarded on the Severn. The king and his guide were therefore forced to retrace their steps by night to the neighbourhood of Boscobel.

On the morning of the 6th, when Charles was in the woods—it being much safer to pass the day there than in any house, from the numbers of soldiers continually on the search—"he discovered (says Clarendon, who had the story from the king's own lips) another man who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood." This man came down to the prince, and proved to be a hunted royalist captain, of the name of Careless. "He persuaded the king, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, that he would get up into that tree, where he himself had been; where the boughs were so thick with leaves, that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places where they do not suspect. The king thought it good counsel, and, with the other's help, climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sate all day." It seems extremely probable that this day would have proved fatal to Charles, had this step not been taken. For as he sat with Careless in the tree, they not only got occasional glimpses of the red-coats passing in all quarters on the search, but also "saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse how they would use the king himself if they could take him." Some of the faithful Penderels were all this while on the watch, busy apparently in cutting wood, and ready to sell their lives for their prince if the extremity came. The day, however, passed in safety, and Charles went to Boscobel House to pass the night, leaving the "Royal Oak," as the tree in which he had been was called, to be afterwards almost pulled to pieces to supply relics to his devoted adherents.

In Boscobel House Charles found a pretty secure hiding-place, and passed the night of the 6th, and all next day (Sunday) there in safety and comfort of body, but in very great trouble of mind; for he felt that he was still within a bush which his enemies were beating round, in the knowledge of his being there, and with the certainty of finding him at last. In the evening of Sunday, however, he got, through John Penderel, a cheering communication from Lord Wilmot, desiring him to come to Moseley (in Staffordshire), where a secure asylum awaited him, and where a project for a complete escape had been devised. It is extremely honourable to Wilmot, that he would not make use of this scheme, when offered to him, for his own safety, but reserved the chance for the king, whom it did eventually save. On the night of the 7th, the king left Boscobel for Moseley, accompanied by the indefatigable Penderels. Again was the fugitive fortunate in his movements; for, on the following morning, two parties of horse in succession visited Boscobel, and left not a corner unexamined. But the bird was flown. On his night travel to Moseley, an old cart-horse was provided for the king, who was glad to have it, his feet being all swollen and blistered with his travel and from Madely, and his other fatigues. Yet the king and

his horse were well suited to each other in appearance—the attire of Charles consisting of a coat and breeches of coarse threadbare cloth, an old soiled leather doublet, green, darned stockings, heavy shoes slashed for ease, and a grey steeple-crowned hat, bandless and liningless. In this guise the king rode on, guarded by the six brave peasants (for the brother-in-law Yates was included), two before, two behind, and one at every side, all armed, and prepared to overcome all obstacles at the hazard of their lives. A good saying of Humphrey Penderel on this march is recorded. When the king complained of the old horse jolting him, "Recollect, my liege," said Humphrey, "that he carries the weight of three kingdoms on his back." The party reached Moseley in safety, where the proprietor, Mr Whitgreave, and Lord Wilmot, were ready to receive his majesty. A manuscript account of the king's visit to Moseley was found in the family records, and was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for July 1789. In this document Mr Whitgreave says, "When the king came up (to the door of Moseley House) with the Penderels guarding him, he was habited so like one of them that I could not tell which was he." But after the king had been conveyed to a room, Mr Whitgreave was called up, and his lordship said, "This gentleman is your master, mine, and the master of us all, to whom we all owe our duty and allegiance." Soon after, being well refreshed, and being shown the hiding-place intended for him in the case of danger, and which Mr Whitgreave, being a recusant, had contrived for his own straits, Charles grew confident and cheerful, and said that if ten thousand men were at his command, he would fight for his kingdom yet. Charles staid at Moseley two days, but before leaving it, he made another narrow escape. It had been discovered beyond a doubt that he had been at Whiteladies after the battle, and his enemies had been instigated to a fresh search. Moseley, on the 9th, received a visit, like other houses, from the soldiers, but their approach was discovered in time to secrete the king till the danger passed over.

On the night of the 9th, the royal fugitive went from Moseley to Bentley, the neighbouring seat of Colonel Lane, the royalist who had planned the escape alluded to. Colonel Lane's sister had procured a pass for herself and one servant to visit a Mr Norton, a relation near Bristol. To get to the sea was Charles's chief object, and it was now proposed that he should fill the place of Miss Lane's attendant. Great as the danger was of passing along roads crowded with hostile troops, the king adopted the scheme, and, accordingly, dressed in a suit of decent grey, he departed on the 11th on horseback with his supposed lady behind him, and her cousin, Mr Lascells, in company. After a ride of three days, they reached Mr Norton's house without a single interruption, though they had passed hundreds of people who well knew the king's appearance, and would not have been surprised at that time to have seen him in any condition.

At Mr Norton's, even with the master of the house, Charles passed merely for "William the servant," and in order to hide himself from prying eyes, he assumed sickness which confined him to his chamber. Miss Lane took care that every comfort should be afforded to him, calling him a favourite of her father's. She brought his food to him once or twice herself; but as this could not always be done with prudence, the family butler was entrusted with the task, and the king was terribly startled by this man, on his first errand, falling on his knees, and saying, with tears, "I am glad to see your majesty." After a moment's pause, Charles thought it best to make a friend of the man, and had no reason to repent it. On the contrary, the man secured him from discovery by others of the servants.

It had been planned that Miss Lane, in case no passage were found from Bristol, should tell the Nortons that she was going to visit another friend in Dorsetshire before going home, in order that the king might pass to the sea in that direction as herservant. This plan it was found necessary to put in execution on the 18th of September, and Charles arrived securely by this means at the house of his adherent, Colonel Wyndham, near Sherborn, in Dorsetshire. Wilmot, who had contrived to follow him from Bentley, travelling openly on horseback with a hawk on his arm, and making his way by dint of sheer impudence, joined the king at Colonel Wyndham's, where many consultations were held. Though near the sea, the district they were now in was rather noted for anti-royalist opinions, and the whole nation, friends and foes alike, was still in an uproar about the king's fate. After much suspense, Colonel Wyndham got a vessel hired at Lyme Regis to convey a nobleman and his servant (the king and Wilmot) to France. A place on the coast near Charmouth, and a time (September 23d) were fixed upon for the embarkation; and in order that Charles might excite no suspicion there, a widow who kept an inn at Charmouth was persuaded by Colonel Wyndham to give a temporary asylum on that day to a young lady and gentleman who had married privately. In this character, Charles appeared accordingly, accompanied by a young lady, named Juliana Coningsby, and also by Wilmot and the colonel. So far all went well; but, alas! after waiting, no ship appeared during the whole of the appointed night. When day came, Wilmot boldly set out for Lyme to discover the reason, while Charles, with the young lady as a sort of protection, rode into Bridport to wait Wilmot's re-

* It will be readily recognised by many of our readers, that we are indebted for the ideas of this article to a passage in one of Foster's excellent Essays.

* There were originally six brothers of the Penderels, but one had died in battle before the affair of Worcester. They were all labouring men, being employed as woodwards, farmers, and millers, near Boscobel. The fifth brother was not less active than the others in his loyalty, having undertaken to guide Lord Wilmot (afterwards Earl of Rochester) to a place of safety.

turn. In Bridport, Charles underwent the greatest risk he had yet done. He found fifteen hundred soldiers preparing for embarkation, and a host of people about them. Charles saw that a retreat would be attended with great danger, and pushed boldly through the crowd to the inn door. He alighted safely, and after a short stay joined Wilnot outside the town, where it was discovered that the ship had not been at its place because the ship-captain's wife had detained her husband, suspecting the dangerous nature of the cargo.

After another similar disappointment with regard to a vessel, the king, finding that dangerous surmises were arising in the neighbourhood, was forced, on the 8th of October, to leave Colonel Wyndham's for Heale, near Salisbury, the seat of Mrs Hyde, where he lay secure until a collier vessel, lying at New Shoreham, near Brighton, was engaged by a friend for his conveyance to France. On the 15th of October, Charles reached Brighton in order to join this vessel, which was the one that carried him out of all his troubles. But he underwent two serious risks before going on board. On sitting down to supper at Brighton with the owners and master of the collier, the master, who knew not the character of his intended freight, discovered the king, but he proved faithful. The landlord also of the house took an opportunity to kiss the king's hand, and to whisper, "I have no doubt that, if I live, I shall be a lord, and my wife a lady." Charles smiled, to show his comprehension of the man's meaning. The collier sailed, and on the 17th of October the king found himself in safety on the shores of France.

This escape of Charles was called by the Cavaliers miraculous, and was at least marvellous. Out of the host of persons, mostly of inferior station, with whom the king came in contact, not one was tempted, by the great bribe offered, to betray him. It is pleasing to think that Charles, at his Restoration, rewarded the Penderels, Lanes, Wyndhams, and others who assisted him in his extremity.

JEANIE ROSS—A HIGHLAND STORY.

THOUGH the Highlands of Scotland now present but a shadow of the peculiar system of society which once prevailed in them—though there are no longer clansmen ready to follow their chief to the field at his slightest bidding, or intestine feuds wreaking themselves out in bloodshed once at least in every generation—yet there are still many things to distinguish its people from all neighbouring nations. The following story, for instance, which is no more than fact, will show in how different a way a pair of poor peasants may follow out a love attachment in the upper part of Perthshire, from any mode known or practised in the more southerly parts of the British Isle.

Not many years ago, there stood a comfortable farmhouse in the midst of the romantic wilds of Strath-Tummel, not far from the bridge, well known to travellers, that crosses the stream from which the name of the Strath is derived. With this farmhouse we have little to do at present, except in as far as it was the residence, at the period our story refers to, of a very comely Highland girl, by name Jeanie Ross, who underwent some adventures in her time, of rather a memorable kind. Jeanie was but a servant, though, as this neither impaired her beauty nor detracted from her worth, it is to be hoped the circumstance will not lower her in the eyes of the reader. She was the daughter of a small farmer, a man in a decent but humble station, in the immediate neighbourhood of the large farm where she had gone to service, and had spent in Strath-Tummel all her bygone years, which yet numbered only eighteen. Young as she was, her finely proportioned figure, and her sweet if not lovely countenance, had not passed unobserved by the youth of the district, and if she had not yet had many offers, her good graces at least were courted by not a few of the strapping lads around, with a prospective eye to such a consummation. Whether or not, however, it was likely that Strath-Tummel should retain in its bosom the flower it had given birth to, will be partly seen from the following scene, in which Jeanie bore a part.

One evening in November, a young shepherd, by name Evan Cameron, belonging to the same farm where Jeanie served, left his little shieling on the hills, where he resided alone with his widowed mother, and took his way to the steading at which his master's family staid. Evan had been for two years in his present place, whither he had come from the banks of Loch Rannoch, his native spot, distant between fifteen and twenty miles from Strath-Tummel. It was pitch-dark, to use a familiar expression, on the night in question, ere Evan reached the farm-house, and when he did reach it, he did not enter, but took up his station at a retired angle of the premises, from which he could see the door that led from the dwelling-house to the out-houses. A stranger to the rural manners of Scotland, if he had seen the young shepherd in this position, would have thought him a house-breaker or thief, but the better-informed on the point would have known at once that he only came to see his "sweetheart." And Evan did not stand long ere he did see her. The door in the dwelling-house opened, and Jeanie Ross issued with a candle, inclosed in a

lantern, in her hand. As she tripped across the courtyard to one of the out-houses, a low *hem* was uttered by the shepherd, and to his great delight it was responded to in the same way, announcing satisfactorily her consciousness of his being there. Evan was too well aware of the danger of attracting observation, to think of following his mistress. He stood patiently, waiting for the moment when Jeanie might think it safe to come to him. In a short time, she again appeared in the yard with the light, and Evan's pleased eye could observe that a smile and a blush were on her face, and that her walk had that indescribable want of ease which always marks a woman's movements when she is sensible that a beloved eye is fixed upon her. Jeanie then re-entered the house, and all was again dark.

Evan continued at his post, and insensibly fell into a reverie, during which his mental vision was busy in the contemplation of a female figure bearing a lantern, while his bodily organs of sight were steadily directed to the spot where a real object of a similar character had disappeared. How long his reverie might have continued, is hard to say, had it not been dispelled by a soft touch on his arm, and a sweet voice pronouncing in his ear the word "Evan!" The shepherd started, but in an instant he had folded the speaker in his arms, and had imprinted a kiss on her lips; a proceeding which was graciously pardoned—on the score, we suppose, of his being so much startled as not to know very well what he was doing. "Jeanie! dear Jeanie!" were Evan's first words, as he folded his plaid around his mistress, "how came you to me so quietly? My een were never once off the door that you used to come out by." "Ah! Evan," said the young woman, "that's the worst sign for us, that I have to come out by other ways now. Every step that I take is watched now. Man, woman, and bairn, has been set on by my father to spy us, ever since you sought his leave to let us be married. And the men folk are worst of a'!" concluded she with a sigh. Though Jeanie was too simple and modest to see the full reasons for this latter fact, her lover was perfectly sensible of them. "Mean, envious wretches!" was the exclamation, accordingly, that burst from his lips. "Hush," said Jeanie, "for aught we know, some of them may be within hearing o' us." "And what altho'!" said the lover fiercely; but, speedily moderating his tone, he continued, "we needna waste our time thinking on them, however. Oh! Jeanie, it will be hard, after every thing is ready for our happiness, if we should be sundered. It wants but a few days o' Martinmas, and then I maun enter on my new service on Loch Rannoch, where a bonny shieling is ready for me, that I ance thought wad be a paradise wi' you for its mistress. A' is ready, Jeanie, but you!" The girl's head fell on her lover's shoulder. "I am ready, too, Evan," said she; "another house but yours I never will enter as a wife."

Evan was greatly consoled by the assurance of his mistress's fidelity, but this did not remove the obstacles in the way of their union, which hinged chiefly on the disinclination of her parents that she should wed to a stranger, and out of Strath-Tummel. They had other views besides for her settlement in life, though these had never been made known to herself. In spite of these intentions on the part of her friends, however, Evan, before the close of his interview with Jeanie Ross, received her promise that she would leave all, and fly with him to Rannoch, if her people did not come round, and give their consent in a regular way. Having come to this conclusion, the lovers, after some further talk of a nature chiefly interesting to themselves, parted, with an agreement to meet for another consultation within a few nights afterwards.

But, alas, for the uneven course of true love! Before the appointed night came, Jeanie was taken away by her father, who, suspicious of her continued communication with Evan Cameron, asked his daughter's master to permit her to go home at the new term, instead of the old one (eleven days later), as had been at first arranged. The master consented to this request, which was made in the most pressing form. The truth was, that Jeanie's father knew well the approaching departure of Evan at the Martinmas term, and conceived, that, if he were once fairly gone, there would be no more of the matter. In absence, Jeanie would soon forget him, and the case would be the same with him. Under this impression the father took his daughter home, resolved to watch her closely till the critical period was over. Poor Evan was not long in learning the altered situation of his mistress. Night after night he watched around her father's cottage to get a glimpse of her, but in vain. Cameron was in despair. He had too much of the mountaineer pride in him to subject himself to a second repulse from Jeanie's father, similar to the one he had already got. The term-day came, and Evan, heartless and dispirited, was compelled to depart for Rannoch, without having even had the poor pleasure of bidding Jeanie farewell.

Her father, nevertheless, had miscalculated the strength of the young shepherd's affection. Evan, anticipating his union with Jeanie, had made arrangements for his mother's taking up her abode with a sister at Rannoch, and this plan had been carried into effect. On taking charge of his new flock, therefore, Evan entered his little cot on the hills of Rannoch alone, and he was thus left to brood in solitude over his disappointment. Such was the effect produced on him by this state of things, that his new master speedily noticed his growing despondency, and kindly

inquired into the cause. Evan candidly related the whole of his story; and the fortunate result was, that his master gave him leave to visit Strath-Tummel, whatever time it might take, and endeavour to see his mistress. The heart of the youth grew lighter at the thought, and he was not long in making use of the kind licence accorded to him.

To one of the fleetest runners in the dales of Rannoch, fifteen or twenty miles was but a breathing distance; and, accordingly, on several different nights, Evan travelled to Strath-Tummel by the light of a waning moon, and was back to his flock in the morning. On the first three of these journeys, he did not see his mistress, but his labour was not in vain—independent of the pleasure it gave him to look at the very walls that held her. Without venturing to approach closely to the house, he discovered beyond a doubt in what portion of the dwelling she slept, and on the fourth visit, he went close up, and with a beating heart threw a little sand against the window, which was on the second floor. To his inexpressible joy, Jeanie appeared at the window in so short a time as made him feel, with sorrowful pleasure, that her nights were, like his own, too often sleepless. Not daring to speak, Evan only held out his arms on seeing her. It was plain she knew him, for she made a motion of a similar kind. For a minute or two they remained in this position, until Jeanie drew back. Evan kept his station, and after a time his mistress re-appeared, changed, as the lover could plainly see, in her dress. The young man's heart beat high with hope. "She is coming to me," thought he; "but, alas! how is she to come!" It was evident to him that she had no intention of trying the window; a passage that way, indeed, was probably impracticable. The door, then, was the only way; and on her disappearing again from the window, Evan moved round to the front of the dwelling. Here he had not stood a few seconds, until Jeanie issued, closed the latch, and was by the side of her faithful lover.

Jeanie was not less faithful than he. She had tried every possible method to alter the determination of her friends; but as they remained obstinate—unreasonably so, she thought, as Evan's character was unimpeachable—she was now willing to perform her promise, and go with him to Rannoch. It was midnight when Jeanie met her lover, and they walked all the remainder of the night, the young woman being too healthy a daughter of the Highland hills to care for such a journey any more than Evan did. By daylight, they reached the village of Kichonan, near the head of Loch Rannoch, where they were received with kindly welcome by Evan's relations and friends. Kichonan was his native place, where he was known and loved by every body. In the house of a cousin of his, the pair found the rest and refreshment they required, and it was also resolved that Jeanie should stay here until they were married.

Taking advantage, for the first time to any extent, of his master's permission, Evan remained with his mistress and his friends for the rest of that day. When the afternoon came, the fugitive pair were a little startled by the entrance, into the house where they were, of Jeanie's uncle from Strath-Tummel. However, after he had declared the purpose of his visit, the lovers felt nothing but an increase of joy. The uncle said, that when Jeanie was missed early in the morning, her father was convinced she had fled with Evan Cameron, and had requested him—the uncle—to follow them to Rannoch, and give to them a father's consent and good wishes, since they were resolved upon being united.

Evan was delighted with this intelligence. Soon after he had delivered it, the uncle announced his intention to return, saying that he wished to be home early. "If Jeanie and Evan had any message to send back by him," he continued, "they might accompany him a short distance on his way." Evan and Jeanie agreed to the proposal, and set out with him. The young woman charged her relative with many kind messages to her father and friends. Engaged in this sort of converse, they passed on for about the distance of a mile and a half from Kichonan, when they reached the side of a dense wood of birch. Evan was about to propose that Jeanie and he should turn here, when in an instant a party of ten or twelve men burst from the wood, and seized on his mistress, planting themselves between him and her! They were Strath-Tummel men, who had come in pursuit of the pair, and the uncle had been acting the part of a decoy! Jeanie neither shrieked nor spoke, but, as her uncle held her by the arm, looked on her lover with a face of pale despair. It was some time before Evan could recover from his surprise, so far as to see clearly what had happened. But the taunts of the captors aroused him. Yet he did not stir from the spot, until he saw the men moving away with their prize. For a moment he thought of struggling to the death to retain her, in spite of them all. But the hopelessness of such an attempt was too apparent. A better idea struck him; and no sooner had the Strath-Tummel men turned a corner of the road close by the scene of this ambushade, than Evan put his scheme in practice. Pulling his blue bonnet over his brow, he bounded with the speed of a roebuck back to Kichonan. When there, he flew to his cousin's, and, relating what had happened, sent him to collect some friends, while he himself ran to others. The news spread like wild-fire; and in the course of an incredibly short time, all the men nearly of the hamlet, married and single, were assembled round

Evan, declaring loudly their willingness to follow him to the rescue of his bride. Evan thanked them, and away a strong party went at speed on the road to Strath-Tummel. They did not all remain together, for it was only the youngest and most active that could follow on the steps of the bereaved Evan. Such was the pace at which he went, that the Strath-Tummel men were only five miles from Kichonan, when the young shepherd, with the foremost of his party, came up with them. On seeing their pursuers, the Strath-Tummel men stopped. Too much excited to have any prudential consideration at the moment, Evan bounded among the party, threw aside the men that were in his way, bore in an instant his mistress from among them, and planted himself before her. His friends gathered around him, and, as the Strath-Tummel men made a general movement to recover their prize, there was every appearance of a serious battle ensuing.

Fortunately, however, before this could take place, some of the more elderly and prudent of the Rannoch party came up. One of these cried out to the Strath-Tummel men to "let all stand aside, and permit the young woman to follow the bent of her own inclination." Seeing themselves by far the weakest in numbers, the majority of the men of the Tummel were, upon the whole, rather glad than otherwise to consent to this, and all stood aside, leaving Jeanie in the middle space. The blushing girl did not make a secret for an instant of her inclinations. She turned, and threw herself into Evan's arms. The Rannoch men threw up their bonnets, and gave a hearty shout in token of their victory. Both parties then returned to their homes. Evan and Jeanie went again to the house from which they had been so artfully decoyed. They were married soon after, though not, we are happy to say, until they had got the consent and the blessing of the bride's relenting relatives. Evan's little shieling among the hills of Rannoch became one of the happiest homes in the Highlands, or, to use his anticipatory words—if they may be properly applied to earthly things—it was to its inmates a paradise.

EMIGRATION TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTRY.

Our attention has repeatedly been drawn, both by public writers and private communications, to the subject of emigration to that part of the Australian continent, known by the name of New South Wales; but not being altogether satisfied with the arrangements connected with the supplying of convict labourers to the colony, or the accounts given of the social condition and prospects of the settlers, and also fearing that the trouble and expense of transit would be greater than could possibly be encountered by the majority of persons in the humbler walks of life, we have hitherto abstained from saying a single word on the subject. Causes for objection having now been in a great measure removed, we propose to present our readers with two or three articles descriptive of the New South Wales colony, and the chances of success which would attend a removal thither. We are the more inclined to take up this question at the present moment, in consequence of the state of affairs in Canada and the United States of America, which are too well known to require particular notice. While thus the door of American emigration has shut, that of Australian emigration has opened; and we may now expect to see as steady a flow of settlers proceeding to New South Wales, as ever set in for Upper Canada or Michigan.

Australia is an immensely large island—so large as to be called a continent—situated in the Pacific or Indian Ocean. In extent it measures two thousand miles from east to west, and seventeen hundred in breadth from north to south. By far the greatest part of the country in the interior is unexplored. It now possesses three distinct British settlements—New South Wales, which stretches about fifteen hundred miles along its eastern coast, and some hundreds of miles inland; South Australia, on its southern shore, which has been but recently opened for emigration; and Western Australia, or Swan River Settlement. Van Dieman's Land is another British settlement, and consists of an island lying to the south of Australia, in the same manner that England lies near the coast of France. Each of these settlements has its peculiar advantages; but, meanwhile, we are to treat exclusively of New South Wales, which is the oldest and most populous of the Australian colonies. New South Wales lies at the distance of sixteen thousand miles from Great Britain, and its capital, Sydney, to which most vessels proceed, is reached in from 100 to 120 days' sailing. Lying on the opposite side of the globe from us, its seasons are reversed in relation to ours; its winter is in May, June, and July, and its summer in November, December, and January. Its climate is one of the finest in the world—far superior to that of England or Scotland, and perhaps only comparable to that of Italy and Turkey. Snow is never seen except in the higher regions, and in the lower parts there bloom an eternal spring and summer. "For eight months during the year (says Dr Lang), namely, from the first of March till the first of November, the climate is peculiarly delightful. The sky is seldom clouded; and day after day, for whole weeks together the sun looks down in

unveiled beauty from the northern heavens. In ordinary seasons, refreshing showers are not infrequent." Such is the weather in that part of the year which includes the winter. In summer, from the first of November till the first of March, "the heat (says the same authority) is considerable, but very rarely oppressive, the thermometer seldom rising higher in Sydney than 75 degrees of Fahrenheit." The climate is not only pleasant, but highly salubrious, as is testified by the general health of the colonists. The diseases which occasionally prevail are in most cases the result of excesses, chiefly indulgence in ardent spirits; but for this evil the climate is by no means responsible.

The general appearance of New South Wales, on the coast, is not very inviting, but the country improves in proceeding inland. At an average distance of from forty to forty-five miles from the shore, there extends a long range of alpine territory called the Blue Mountains, and it is betwixt this range and the sea that the chief part of the settled country lies. Advancing inland five or six miles from Sydney, the soil improves, and begins to be dotted with tall and stately trees, which soon again thicken into a dense but magnificent forest, indicating, indeed, a more luxuriant soil than that passed, but scarcely less discouraging to the settler. Still advancing inwards, however, from six to nine miles farther, another change takes place. You have cleared the forest, and the promised land lies before you; improving now with every step you advance; now presenting an endless variety of hill and dale, covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; now extensive plains, resembling the finest parks in England—a resemblance which is made the more striking, from their being similarly interspersed with magnificent trees, just numerous enough to add beauty to the land, without encumbering it. This scene, which is bounded interiorly by the Blue Mountains already spoken of, is, with few and not very important exceptions, that which the whole of the eastern coast of New Holland exhibits, and, as a general description, is agreed to by all who have spoken of it. The colonised portion of New South Wales is divided into nineteen counties—Cumberland, Camden, Argyle, Westmoreland, Cook's, Bathurst, Roxburgh, Wellington, Philip, Bligh, Brisbane, Hunter, Northumberland, Gloucester, Durham, Georgiana, King's, Murray, and St Vincent's. Ayer, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Camden, have all of them the coast for their eastern boundaries; thence stretching each of them more or less inwards.

The central county on the coast is Cumberland. This county, though one of the smallest, and in point of fertility of soil one of the worst in New South Wales, is nevertheless the most important of the whole, from its containing the principal towns in the colony, and amongst these Sydney, the capital. In this county also is situated the celebrated Botany Bay, a name associated in this country with every thing that is infamous. This celebrity it has acquired, however, merely from the circumstance of its having been one of the first penal settlements, or receptacle for banished convicts, which was established in New South Wales. There are many places in that country to which they are now sent as well as Botany Bay; indeed, thousands of them never see the latter place at all, being sent to stations at a great distance from it. The towns in this county are Sydney—the metropolis, as we have already said, of New South Wales—Paramatta, Windsor, and Liverpool. Sydney is situated about seven miles inwards from the head of Port Jackson, one of the noblest harbours in the world. It is built upon two necks of land, with a valley between called Sydney Cove, possessing a depth of water which enables vessels of the greatest burthen to come close to the land. Thirty or forty years ago, the ground on which Sydney stands was a barren desolate wild, covered with wood, and tenanted only by savages and the beasts of the forest. It is now occupied by a large and thriving town, with a population of upwards of 18,000 souls, among whom are to be found more than all the conveniences and luxuries of a British town of the same extent—regular and handsome markets, public seminaries, banks, extensive warehouses, hotels, distilleries, breweries, steam-engines, stage-coaches for different parts of the colony, five newspapers besides the Government Gazette; also a monthly magazine of miscellaneous pieces, and one or two annual almanacks.

Next to Sydney in importance, though much inferior to it, is Paramatta, situated at the head of the narrow inlet of the sea in which Port Jackson terminates above Sydney. Between the latter place and the former, a distance of about sixteen miles, there is frequent and regular communication both by land and water. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery which presents itself on all sides as you proceed to Paramatta by water, the sea generally smooth as glass, or but gently rippled by a slight breeze; innumerable little promontories covered with wood to the water's edge, stretching into the sea, and forming a corresponding number of beautiful little bays and inlets in endless succession and variety. Paramatta contains about from 2000 to 3000 inhabitants. The greater part of the houses are built of brick or white freestone, and being for the most part unconnected with each other, cover a greater extent of ground altogether than its population would seem to warrant. The situation of Paramatta is exceedingly delightful. It lies in a spacious hollow, covered with the richest verdure, and surrounded by hills of a moderate height. Here, too, are churches, hotels,

taverns, seminaries, &c., and all the other appendages of a considerable country town, with military and convict barracks, jail, government house, and the female factory, an establishment for the reception of incorrigible female convicts. Many of the private houses are of elegant construction, with parks and gardens attached; the place altogether thus forming rather an assemblage of cottages than a town; the streets, however, are regularly laid out, running north and south-east and west. Pursuing an inland course for about twenty-one miles, the traveller next arrives at Windsor, containing a population of about 1000. From Paramatta to this little town a coach runs several times a-week. Windsor, which, in the description of its buildings, much resembles Paramatta, is built upon a hill close by the river Hawkesbury, which forms the north and the north-western boundary of the county, and which, after a circuitous route of about 140 miles, discharges itself into Broken Bay. Windsor also contains a government house, and a very handsome one, with extensive gardens, &c.; two churches, a jail, court-house, military and convict barracks, taverns, inns, shops, &c. The lands in the neighbourhood of Windsor are exceedingly fertile, but this advantage is more than counterbalanced by its extreme liability to inundation from the Hawkesbury, which has been known to rise to the almost incredible height of 93 feet above its ordinary level. Inundations of 70 and 80 feet are of frequent occurrence, and are often fatal to the lives of the settlers, and always ruinous to their circumstances. The town itself, which is built on an eminence about 100 feet above the level of the river, has hitherto escaped these tremendous overflows; but its safety does not seem very securely established. Of course, no new settler would, or at least no settler ought to establish himself within the reach of this fearful calamity, by which in one moment he may not only lose the fruits of many a year of toil and labour, but also his life. Next to Windsor in importance is Liverpool, at the distance of about 18 to 20 miles from Sydney, in a south-west direction. It is situated on the banks of George's River, which discharges itself into Botany Bay; contains about 1000 inhabitants; and possesses a church, two or three good inns, stores, court-house, jail, and the usual accompaniments of a town in New South Wales, a convict and military barracks. The soil around Liverpool is of an indifferent quality.

After Sydney, Paramatta, Windsor, and Liverpool, are ranked the towns of Campbelltown, Richmond, Newcastle, and Maitland. "The last of these (says Dr Lang, in his recently published work) will doubtless ere long be the second in the colony, as it is situated at the head of the navigation of Hunter's River, and in the centre of the most extensive agricultural and grazing district in the territory. There are other towns, however, in the progress of formation in other parts of the colony, which in a few years will doubtless become places of considerable importance; as at Bathurst, beyond the Blue Mountains; at Goulburn and Bong Bong, in the district of Argyle; at Patrick's Plains, on Hunter's River; and at Wollongong, in the district of Illawarra. Three or four stage-coaches and two steam-boats ply daily between Sydney and Paramatta, and there are also two daily coaches between Sydney and Liverpool—a rising town about twenty miles distant from the capital, forming a thoroughfare for the extensive country to the south-westward. Respectable persons travelling to and from the more distant settlements in the interior, generally travel on horseback, or in vehicles of their own; and goods and produce are conveyed to and from Sydney on large drays drawn by oxen. Between Sydney and Maitland there are three steam-boats—the Sophia Jane, the Ceres, and the Tamar—that ply twice a-week each with goods and passengers; seventy miles of their course, or the distance between the Heads of Port Jackson and the entrance of Hunter's River, being along the land in the open Pacific Ocean. All the vessels, it is generally understood, have done exceedingly well. As a proof of this, there has been a company formed lately, the object of which is to place a vessel of much larger size on the course between Sydney and Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, to carry cattle as well as goods and passengers."

Little is known of the interior of the vast region of Australia, but discoveries are in progress, and population is gradually advancing into the interior, either by regular settlements or by the system of "squatting." In all parts of the country there occur stretches of fine land—as Goulburn Plains, Liverpool Plains, Cowpastures, &c.—either on the higher grounds or in valleys on the banks of rivers, suitable for tillage or for pasturing. Within the district of the Blue Mountains, and sloping downward from them towards the interior, lies the extensive tract called Bathurst Plains (100 to 150 miles north-west of Sydney), which generally lies about 7000 feet above the level of the sea; here the air is inconceivably pure and salubrious (nothing said to be like it for persons affected with consumptions in the whole world), and the land is well adapted for store-farming. The plains of Argyle, lying to the southward, are also commended for their fertility and salubrity. Latterly, new districts have been opened up for settlement farther to the south, on the banks of the Yass, Boorowa, and Murrumbidgee, and lying near the southern coast opposite Van Dieman's Land. The extensive region made known in this quarter has been termed Australia Felix, by its discoverer Major

Mitchell, who describes it as "of vast resources, and the most various and fascinating description, more extensive than Great Britain, equally rich in point of soil, and which is now ready for the plough, as if especially prepared by the Creator for the industrious hands of Englishmen."

The aborigines or natives of New South Wales are now very inconsiderable in numbers. They lead the usual wandering life of savages, roaming throughout the interior in small tribes, each claiming as headquarters a respective territory. They are jet black in complexion, and in general tall and thin in their persons, with large heads, large lips, and wide mouths, and are altogether the reverse of beautiful, according to our ideas of that quality. They have been considered, although the opinion is not completely borne out by experience, as amongst the lowest of all known savages in the scale of intellect. There is certainly less mechanical genius amongst them—fewer contrivances to improve the original condition of man, than are to be found amongst the natives of any other quarter of the globe. Their only arms are a rude spear, or rather pointed pole, which, however, they throw with great force and precision; and a short club, called by themselves a waddie. Their huts are of the poorest description, and they wear no sort of covering whatever on their bodies. All attempts to civilise them, and to induce them to abandon their wandering life, have hitherto been nearly ineffectual; and with the exception of a few in the neighbourhood of Sydney, and some other of the colonial towns, whom this contiguity has, in some degree, forced into a half-domesticated state, they still wander in roving tribes throughout the interior. From the latest accounts, it does not appear that the white settlers are now suffering much from these miserable beings; indeed, it seems that any person may command their good will by the slightest efforts of kindness and conciliation.

The whole population of New South Wales, free and convict, is understood to amount at present to about 80,000—a number perfectly insignificant in relation to the magnitude of the country, and being comparable only to the population of a small English county scattered over a territory as large as France.

We are now, by these explanations, prepared to enter upon the question of how far the country is suitable for emigration, which will be treated of in our next number.

THE SCHOOL-GREEN AND OTHER MATTERS.

If we may judge from our own feelings, one of the most agreeable of all old familiar objects upon which the memory can look back, is the *school-green*, where one's boyish hours of fun and frolic were passed. What hosts of associations, almost all of them of a nature pleasant in the retrospect, are connected with that spot, in the minds of all adult mankind, and that part of it, in particular, whose "young ideas" were taught "to shoot" in the country! All country-school-greens are alike; the leading features, at least, are in one and all the same. Firstly, there must be a piece of ground, level, or nearly so, and with the grass upon it green in hue, yet kept from growing rank and long by the incessant pattering of many feet, assisted, it may be, by the nibblings of a pet-lamb or two, or the ruminations of an old horse or cow, the property of some poor old man who has little else to depend upon for his subsistence. Then, by the side of the green, there must be a water, a running stream, of more or less size, on the sandy shores of which the schoolboys may spend hours in making dams for minnows, or in sticking "hardies" with forks purloined from home, in contravention of the expressed will of their mothers, who know well that these instruments have a poor chance of coming out of the business with all their prongs—if they do come out at all. Even for the mere purpose of wading, in the pleasant summer season, there must be a stream by the school-green, to say nothing of the necessity of having such a convenience for those juvenile anglers who cannot wander far from home, and who begin their first attacks on the finny race with a saugh-wand, a bent pin, and a few hairs daringly stolen from the tail of poor old grey Dobbin, that nibbles, as aforesaid, on the green.

There are various other characters and appurtenances of the school-green, which it is unnecessary to particularise, as they are connected chiefly with the sports there and thereupon conducted. Sports! Who that has tasted of their delights does not feel his toes itch at the thought of the bounding foot-ball, propelled like a rocket, and pursued from spot to spot, with more than the eagerness of hounds on the trail! Oh! what kicks we have seen given on that pleasant green by the Tweed, where our individual experience of these joys was obtained. It has been our lot since those days to see the athletic and clean-limbed borderers of Scotland playing at this sport under the eye of their leader, the Shepherd of Ettrick, yet we could not but think that the kicks were not given with the

dexterous vigour of the schoolboy limb, and that half a dozen of our best players of the green would have cried "Hail!" against all Ettrick in five minutes. Nor must this be set down as a fond and foolish prepossession, for many boys will outrun, for a short distance, the most agile man; and continual practice had made our contemporary youngsters excellent at a sport where excellence is only to be attained by practice. A dexterous hit goes much farther than ill-applied strength at the foot-ball.

Then the shinty—the charming but dangerous game of shinty, or hockey, as it is called in England—which, pleasant but wrong as it is, and grave though we now be, we think we could yet dash into with delight, wherever we might see it going on. The game is played as follows:—Two parties, armed with golfs or clubs with a bent extremity, throw down a little ball of wood mid-way between two points, and the struggle is, which party will drive the ball to their "hail," as it is called, or the point allotted as their goal. It may be guessed by those who have never seen it, that there is smart smashing work at this game of shinty—most appropriately named so, seeing that the shins of the players are exposed to ticklish cracks from the clubs of their opponents when a lock takes place, and a dozen boys, perhaps, are struggling to get the ball out from among each other's feet. Yet do we not recollect any injury of the slightest consequence having ever been received at shinty. By far the most serious mischief resulting from it, consisted in the damage which it brought upon the neighbouring hawthorn hedges, which were sadly cut to pieces, in order to provide clubs for the sport. The worst of it was, that young hawthorn slips, with the root cut for the striking part, made by far the best clubs, and accordingly the evil done was radically ruinous, or rather ruinously radical. We ourselves have upon our conscience at this moment the well-remembered guilt of having made at least one young hedge-fence unfit, for the rest of its natural term of life, to confine stot, stirk, or even pet-lamb, if indeed it ever got the length of affording so much as shelter to a kitty-wren or a tom-titmouse. Do not these remarks recall similar sins and offences to the minds and bosoms of others?

The school-green is associated with the recollection of a hundred other sports besides foot-ball and shinty, every moment of the intervals of study being usually spent in such exercises as gave health to the body and delight to the mind. Numberless accidental sources of amusement, also, were springing up every now and then to vary the even routine of school-green pleasure. Never will we forget one particular scene. A worthy burgess of the little town to which the school was attached, had been annoyed for some time with rats, and had accordingly set a trap for them at the head of his garden, behind his dwelling-house. The trap was of the box kind, which shut up the offending animal, but did no bodily harm to it. This was left to be inflicted when the box was opened. For some time after the trap was set, the honest burgess visited the spot every morning, in the hope of finding the box closed and the depredator caught; and at length, to his great delight, this proved one day to be the case. Immediately he lifted the box, satisfied, though he could not see it, that the foe was taken, and called upon all and sundry to come and assist in the destruction of the rat. He soon found many persons ready to partake in the fun. The honest man's house being close to the school-green, it was judged fit to adjourn to the middle of that place before opening the box, that the rat might not escape, at least without a fair hunt. Behold then the box conveyed in triumph to the green, attended by a host of ostlers with grapes and pitch-forks, tailors with larboards and specimens of that other instrument the name of which does not admit in this instance of being pluralised, and various other neighbours, assembled at call to witness the sport. To these were soon joined the boys of the school, till at last a numerous circle of eager expectants was formed. One man more adventurous than the rest took upon him to open the box, that the delinquent might issue, and meet its fate. Slowly did the man advance into the centre of the circle, and slowly did he set down the box, and slowly did he put his hand to the lid. The spectators strained their anxious eyes; every foot was advanced, and every hand clutched its weapon, whether pitch-fork or goose, while "dead for a ducat, dead," was on every lip, or would have been, if they had known Shakespeare. The uncoverser cautiously proceeded with his work, and took off the lid, starting back as he had done so, when lo! out came—not a rat, but a robin! The little winter favourite hopped lightly on to the edge of the box, looked round the circle for a moment as if in amazement what the dence all this was about, and then, with a preliminary bend of the body that might have passed

very well for a courteous adieu, rose over the heads of the assemblage, and was seen no more. A universal guffaw broke from the schoolboys, which the armed heroes alluded to could not help sharing in, though they themselves were the butts. They soon shrunk away, however, to put their weapons to their proper uses. The ridiculous issue might tempt one to parody Mrs Glass's famous directions for cooking a hare, and say, "In order to hunt a rat from a box, first catch it."

This is a little digressive recollection about the school-green. In that spot, nearly one-half, we believe, of the waking life of every schoolboy, is passed. There are occasions, however, on which he leaves it systematically and periodically. The glorious Saturday afternoon—the hebdomadal vacation of the schoolboy, and the most delicious of all his treasures—is destined for even higher enjoyments than the green can give. That day witnesses the sum and consummation of the whole week's plans. The Saturday is devoted to great excursions, according in their character with the various seasons of the year—to fishing, bird-nesting, visits to the junipers, craw-croops (a little wild ground fruit), blue-berries, nut-woods, and the like. These delightful Saturday wanderings were, if we may judge from our recollections, duly planned and provided for, as regarded food. Sometimes a set would discuss all their provender, and run before the close of their excursion into mortal hunger. But some hospitable shepherd, or his not less hospitable dame, would present a delightful relief in the shape of a peas-bannock and a draught of milk, and send us home like princes. Sometimes the object we were in quest of afforded us no bad meal, and this was particularly the case with blue-berries, so called, probably, from their being of a blue or purplish-blue colour. These berries grow usually in woods, upon a small leafy plant, which creeps along the ground below the trees. Blue-berries are round, juicy, and larger than common currants. Delectable morsels they are too. How pleasant it used to be to recline in the shade on a sweet summer's day, with the soft thick blue-berry bushes affording a luxurious couch, and at hand abundance of fruit worthy of the Grecian isles—the wild cushat cooing all the while overhead from her most scantily-furnished and lamely-fashioned nest! It may be thought that in reclining upon the bushes of the blue-berry, the clothes might be soiled or stained with the fruit. And so it was; but what of that? The schoolboy has the terror of the tailor's bill not before his eyes. In truth, the blue-berry leaves a deeper stain than almost any other fruit. In returning from an excursion of this kind, we have seen such an array presented of blue lips, mouths, and even noses, chins, and cheeks, as would have made any one imagine there had been an indigo feast holden in the woods.

Juniper excursions were scarcely so agreeable in their nature. That fruit grows on prickly bushes on the face of rocky or stony scours, and is of too pungent a character to be eaten satisfactorily in any quantities. But it was useful to bring home a few of them. The well-preserved bottle of spirits which stood in the cupboard, and which was used, in those days of temperance, only on rare occasions, was much improved in flavour by the addition of a handful of junipers. Nutting was also mentioned as a favourite Saturday enterprise in the season. The nuts were hazel ones, the same which bear the simple generic name of nuts in the shops, and which are brought, we believe, from Spain. Scottish hazel-nuts are not brought any where into the market, it being held that a warmer climate than our northern one is required to ripen them effectually; but most assuredly the hazel-nuts on the Scottish braes, when procured at the cost of a long autumn day's exercise, seemed to our schoolboy taste not less delicious than the sun-browned fruits of Spain.

Have we dilated so long on boyish joys, and yet forgotten that most heart-stirring of them all—the *whin-burning*. At certain seasons, it must be understood by those to whom the matter is new, the hilly lands of Scotland are cleared of whins (furze), and other encumbering vegetables that spread over them, by burning. Some burgh lands, and others also belonging to neighbouring proprietors, were those on which we operated. How we discovered that the season, and the wish, for this operation, were come round, is more than we can now explain; but certain it is, that we used to hurry away from our domiciles on Saturdays to the hills, with a piece of live peat or coal in our hands, "nursing" it all the way "to keep it warm." Sometimes the lighted fuel used to go out, but we were provided for the emergency with a tinder-box, and if the weather was dry, the ignition was easily effected. But we have seen in damp weather the unwearied patience of hours necessary for the purpose. When one whin-bush, however, of the long and thick line of bushes, was once on fire, what shouts of triumph and caperings on the part of the juvenile Swings! Then with blazing branches, one part after another of the bushes would be set fire to, until the whole hill-side was one blaze of flame, and the clouds of smoke spread over the whole of the valley. Quiet enjoyment of the feat we had effected would then fall upon our minds, and not infrequently the night would creep on, and find the schoolboy band yet seated by the blaze on the hills. If some one more provident or experienced than others brought away, as was often the case, his pocketful of potatoes, our enjoyment of such a scene as this was complete, by providing us with a murphy, roasted among the burning embers.

This recapitulation of some of our juvenile pleasures will come home we believe to the memories of many; for many must have undergone the same routine of schoolboy or school-green life as has been here described. When tossed amid the cares of manly existence, nothing is so apt to soothe and compose the mind as a momentary revival of these juvenile recollections; and we therefore hope the reader may in this way have received a slight gratification from the retrospect that has now been made.

DISCHARGING OF AN AMERICAN LAKE.

On the morning of June the 6th, 1810, being a day observed as a general holiday in the state of Vermont, about one hundred individuals, resident in a thinly populated portion of that state, assembled with shovels, spades, hoes, crowbars, and pickaxes, and marched to a lake called Long Lake, voting that they would have a "regular frolic." Not that their object was entirely of this character; on the contrary, they had the useful purpose in view of drawing off a small current of water from the lake in question, for the supply of certain mills situated at a short distance below. It was only from the uncertain and speculative nature of their attempt that they bestowed on it the name of a frolic, or, in American phraseology, a "scrape." They accordingly set to work in execution of their design, and, ere a few hours of the day passed over, the consequence was a true "scrape," in the English sense of the word. A most awful and desolating eruption of water signalled that attempt, such as has seldom, probably, been seen even in America, a land where waters move on a scale unknown anywhere else. In order to understand fully the nature of this occurrence, it is necessary to explain briefly the character, relative position, and extent, of the sheet of water thus fortuitously and unexpectedly discharged.

Long Lake, before it was drained, was a beautiful sheet of water, about a mile and a half in length from north to south, and, where largest, three-fourths of a mile in breadth. At the southern extremity, the lake was pointed in shape, and shallow, but it rapidly swelled out, in the form of a pear, and became very deep, varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. Only about five hundred yards, indeed, of the length of the lake, at the southern end, was less than this depth, so that the whole contained body of water was very great. The only supply of Long Lake came from a small rivulet on the western side, and the sole outlet was through a trifling sluggish streamlet at the southern point, where the shore was low. The eastern and western banks were bold and elevated. The northern shore, with which we have chiefly to do at present, was about half a mile in length, and was generally low, rising not more than five or six feet above the surface of the lake, and consisting of a narrow belt of sand, succeeded by a bank of light sandy earth. The descent here, from the surface of the water, was bold and rapid, and the lake's greatest depth was at no great distance from the shore. Against the inclined plane of the northern bank, the whole waters may be said to have rested, and this plane was covered over with a sheet of calcareous deposit, from two to six inches thick, lying on a mass of sandy earth. This deposit was the true support of the lake, having long preserved, doubtless, the soft bank from the wearing action of the water, when agitated by storms.

Such a preservative was much required, for the northern boundary was extremely narrow. The ground continued level only for about five rods, and then descended rapidly for other two hundred rods, where it reached the shores of a second lake, called Mud Lake, which was about three-fourths of a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth. There had never been any natural connection between Long Lake and Mud Lake. The difference in their level was about two hundred feet, and Mud Lake discharged itself in an opposite direction from the former; towards the north, namely, by a rapid stream called Barton River. On this stream, about four miles below Mud Lake, was situated a hamlet called Keene-Corner, where there were a grist-mill and a saw-mill, named Wilson's Mills. About seven miles farther down the little valley of Barton river, stood the village of Barton, and below this were two other mills, at various distances. With the exception of the cleared land about these mill-hamlets, the whole country in this neighbourhood was covered with a thick forest, reaching to the very shores of Barton river and the two lakes, and also covering the ground between them.

Barton river, in the summer season, gave but an insufficient supply of water to the mills of Keene-Corner, which was a great inconvenience to the inhabitants, and had frequently provoked discussions of the question, "Whether it was not practicable to let out a part of the water of Long Lake into Mud Lake, and so furnish an additional supply to the mills on Barton river?" An affirmative conclusion was generally come to on the point, and, at last, on the holiday of June the 6th, 1810, the inhabitants, as has been mentioned, with a body of neighbours collected from all quarters around, marched to Long Lake to make the long-meditated attempt, though so little aware of the consequences as to regard the enterprise half as a frolic.

About ten o'clock, the band reached the northern shore of Long Lake, and after selecting the track that seemed most feasible, began to cut down the trees, and to dig a channel for the water across the belt of sandy earth forming the boundary of the lake. They com-

menced within a yard of the water, and by three o'clock had dug a trench five feet wide, and eight feet deep, from that point to the brow of the declivity leading to Mud Lake. The command was then given that all hands should leave the trench, and, this being done, some of the men commenced with their pick-axes to break as much as they could of the cake of calcareous deposit already alluded to, expecting that, when this was accomplished, the water would carry before it the little sand left in the trench, and flow in a gentle stream over the declivity. When a portion of the deposit was broken, the water did press over the aperture, but, to the surprise of the workmen, it did not flow into the trench. The sand under the deposit was a species of quicksand, and the issuing stream, instead of flowing along the trench, began to sink beneath the deposit, and to work down a portion of the quicksand with it. The portion of the deposit thus undermined was not long able to sustain the pressure, and burst. This occasioned a violent rushing of the water to the part; more of it sank below the deposit, undermined, and broke it up still further. Successive underminings and burstings of this kind took place, until at length the belt of sand in which the trench had been made, was worn down to the width of several rods, and finally the waters made a deep gulf or channel through the whole barrier, and poured down the declivity to Mud Lake!

While these operations, which did not occupy above twenty minutes, were going on, the workmen stood looking on in stupefied amazement at the unforeseen commotion they had excited, and they did not think of getting out of the way until the first burst of the torrent began, when one of them was with difficulty saved by the hair of the head. Another was caught by the torrent, and only saved by his accidentally catching the roots of a tree. These accidents induced the men to run with speed to save their lives, and as they did so, they felt the whole ground quivering under them. Having got to a secure spot, they stood and watched the progress of the desolation.

It was but a few seconds, after the first efflux of its waters, ere Long Lake was entirely empty! When the first waters escaped, the rest, being left without support, flowed northwards with such impetuosity that the northern shore gave way to the width of more than a quarter of a mile, and the depth of one hundred and fifty feet. The whole barrier being thus removed, the escape of the waters, as has been said, was almost instantaneous, and the violence of their motion inconceivable. The liberated mass—consisting of a volume of fluid one and a half miles in length, three-fourths of a mile in width, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in depth—made its way down the declivity to Mud Lake, tearing up and bearing before it trees, earth, and rocks, and excavating a channel of a quarter of a mile in width, and from fifty to eighty feet in depth. "With the immense momentum which it had gained," says Dr Dwight, in his account of the eruption in Silliman's Journal, "it flowed into the valley of Mud Lake, forcing forward, with irresistible impetuosity, the spoils which it had already accumulated, tore away masses of earth from the high grounds on each side of the lake, excavated the whole bottom of the valley, including the shores of Mud Lake, to the depth of perhaps thirty feet, and with the additional mass of water thus acquired, made its way down the channel of Barton river."

With the exception of the narrow pass by which Barton river found an outlet, the whole northern shore of Mud Lake had been composed of rising ground of considerable height. The torrent broke away this mound in a moment, and carried it, as a fresh trophy, down the valley. The valley, however, was insufficient to serve the torrent for a path; it hollowed out a new one for itself, varying from twenty to thirty rods in width, and from twenty to sixty feet in depth. This excavating course was continued for about five miles below Mud Lake, where the country opened up considerably. Before reaching this point, however, the waters carried away the mills at Keene-Corner, or rather carried away, to a great depth, the ground on which they stood. Happily no lives were lost, though one man had just barely escaped the torrent's path as it went by.

About a mile below Keene-Corner, "the moving mass of trees, earth, and water (says Dr Dwight), expanded itself as the country opened, and, with the velocity acquired in its long descent, marched onwards in its work of desolation." The inhabitants of Barton, seven miles below Keene-Corner, received a dreadful alarm, when they saw the flood rushing rapidly down towards them, bearing a moving forest on its top. Only one house, nevertheless, proved to be within the track of the torrent. The proprietor of this, and his wife, were then at home. Alarmed by the noise, the man caught his wife in his arms, and carried her up the bank; yet it was with the utmost difficulty they escaped. Their house was lifted from its foundations, but being carried against some firm object, it remained there till the waters passed. The mills of Mr Blodget, and those of Mr Enos, respectively three and five miles below Barton, and fourteen and sixteen below Mud Lake, were entirely carried away. At Enos's mills the torrent retained still enough of force to move a rock, above one hundred tons in weight, many rods from its bed. Indeed, the excavating effects of the waters extended over the greater part of the level country above Enos's mill, a channel from thirty to sixty rods in width, and from ten to fifteen feet in depth, being left

to mark its course. Below these mills, the country opened up still more, and the force of the current was much weakened, but its marks were visible all the way to Lake Memphremagog, fifteen miles below Barton, into which it discharged itself.

It was fortunate, though most remarkable, that no lives were lost through this violent and most unlooked-for eruption of water. The neighbouring inhabitants of the country, who were not within sight of the flood, participated in the alarm excited by it; for the noise of the first outbreak was like the loudest thunder, and the earth shook as if with an earthquake, causing the cattle to run home with signs of the utmost terror and alarm. After the torrent had passed, the appearance of the districts through which it had moved, was most extraordinary. The immense continuous chasm ploughed out by the waters, was the most remarkable object. In many places, also, great depositions of sand and earth had taken place, wherever the waters had been obstructed, and formed an eddy in their course. These sandy heaps covered acres in many places. The quantity of wood which the waters had carried down was large beyond calculation. In some places where the current had met an obstruction, heaps of timber had been piled up to the height of eighty feet. At Barton, a field of twenty acres had been covered with deposited timber to the height of twenty feet. Thirteen years afterwards, Dr Dwight saw abundance of the same timber still lying, though the people around had been continually using it as fuel since the time of the eruption. The site of Long Lake remained, ever after the event, without water, though the bottom continued soft and marshy. Mud Lake was not entirely exterminated, though the mud from the upper pool filled it up so much as to make it a shallow and trifling body of water ever afterwards.

Though the men who caused this violent and unexpected deluge were scarcely blameable, they were prosecuted by the proprietor of one of the destroyed mills, who sought damages of a thousand dollars from them, but afterwards took a hundred in compromise. After all, it was fortunate that the eruption took place at the time it did, when the country was very scantily settled. From the slight and fragile nature of the northern barrier, as well as from the local position of the lake, it may be safely pronounced that its waters would, sooner or later, have discharged themselves in the way they did; and had this taken place when the country was thickly peopled, as it is now, the calamity might have been one of the most signal and destructive that ever resulted from similar causes.

ANECDOTES OF THE ORIGIN OF WORDS.

EIGHTH ARTICLE.—NAMES.

THERE was something extremely touching in the old Jewish practice of perpetuating in the names of children the remembrance of incidents connected with their birth. When the daughter-in-law of Eli heard that the ark was taken by the Philistines, and that her husband and his father were dead, she named the child then born to her "Ichabod," because, as that word implies, "the glory had departed" from Israel. Bearing such a name, the grandchild of Eli could never forget, in youth, manhood, or age, the striking events which had signalled the history of his family and of his country in the hour of his birth, nor could the recollection fail to make him a "wiser and a better" man. How different are the feelings with which names are given and borne now-a-days! "A man of the name of George or Thomas," says Leigh Hunt, in an excellent article on the subject in the Indicator, "might as well, to all understood purposes, be called Spoon or Hatband." This does not arise from any want of meaning in the names George or Thomas; these words, though unmeaning sounds to those who bear them, have distinct significations, neither unpleasant nor inappropriate for mortal men, under certain circumstances. For it must not be supposed, as it was once already supposed in England, that the only way of reviving the beautiful Hebrew custom alluded to, is to have recourse to such appellations as Praise-God Barebones or Stick-like-wax-by-the-faith Martin, and the like; there is no necessity for a new baptismal vocabulary; every individual Christian name now in use has a meaning of its own; and to whatever peculiarity of circumstances it might be wished to give expression in a child's name, some one or other in the common roll would be found to answer the desired purpose.

The Hebrew names, in use among Christians, deserve, for various reasons, our first attention. Aaron, which stands at the top of the list alphabetically, signifies a mountain, and is a name that could not well be chosen on other grounds than association. Abel signifies just, and Abraham father of many. Both of these names have fine associations of a scriptural order, and Abel, certainly, has a noble meaning. The signification of Abraham is somewhat prospective and uncertain, and its sound, it must be admitted, is a little heavy. Such a collocation of words as King

Abraham, or Lord Abraham, was never, we believe, seen or heard of; though, of course, we do not advance this unworldliness of character in the way of a serious objection. Adam signifies *red earth*. There is a little heaviness about this name also, and even the worldly associations with which it is connected are of a grave kind. A philosopher could not bear a better appellation; for it has already been borne by the author of the *Wealth of Nations*. Benjamin, son of the right hand, is the name which Jacob gave to the last child of Rachel, being unable to bear the mournfulness of the appellation of Benoni, son of sorrow, which the dying mother had chosen. Benjamin is a pleasing name, both in sound and sense, and has been borne by many famous men of all orders of genius, not the least of whom were Jonson and Franklin. This name has a natural liability to be corrupted into a monosyllabic form, but this depends much on the individual who bears it. No one ever heard of Ben Franklin, while, on the other hand, it would be absolutely pedantic to call Jonson any thing but Ben. Daniel signifies *God is judge*. It is a name of good sound, but liable to a corruption like that of the preceding word. High associations, ancient and modern, hang around it. David has a beautiful signification, *well-beloved*. The finest associations of this name are certainly scriptural, but in modern times it has been graced by the greatest of actors, and not the meanest of philosophers—Garriek and Hume. Eleazer, Elijah, Elisha, Emmanuel, Ephraim, and several other names of the same kind, can scarcely be said to be in use as Christian names in Britain, and do not call for individual explanations. So also with Ezekiel and Ezra. Gabriel and Gideon are more common, and the first of these signifies the *strength of God*, while Gideon is a *breaker*. Isaac, a name adorned by Newton, means *laughter*—a signification rather at variance with the gravity that hangs about the word. Jacob signifies a *supplanter*, doubtless in allusion to the peculiar circumstances of the original bearer. Jacob is the same name, properly speaking, as James, and also as the Italian Giacomo. The G in this word is softened away in pronunciation, making the name sound like Yacomio, or, as Shakspeare has it in *Cymbeline*, Iachimo. Iago, as it occurs in *Othello*, is another form of the same word; but though this is undeniably the case, how startled should we be at any attempt to convert the Iago of Shakspeare into James, or his Iachimo into Jacob! Whether from habit or otherwise, the force of the characters would certainly appear to us to be totally destroyed. James is a name with many historical recollections attached to it, though with no individual ones of a very high order. Its signification of supplanter, in the sense of successor, might render it often applicable, both as a name for the living and as a memorial of the dead.

Jeremy has been borne by great men of England: witness Taylor and Bentham. It signifies *High of the Lord*, but, though possessing much of that gravity which naturally attaches to scriptural names, is apt to be corrupted into Jerry, in which shape it is beyond doubt the merriest and most frisky of all human denominations. Jeremy is dangerous on this account. John, the commonest of all Christian names, has the signification of *gracious*. It has been much annoyed in its time by the corruption Jack, but has still a noble and gracious air, as befits the name which Milton, Hampden, Locke, Dryden, Marlborough, and Howard, bore, as well as Moliere, Boccaccio, and other illustrious men of the continent of Europe. The Scotch are frightfully prone to convert John into—not Jack but—Jock, a form of the name beside which Jack itself is respectable, elegant, and genteel. Jonathan has a fine signification—*God's gift*. The application of this word, in a ludicrous way, to the people of the United States, has done much to deteriorate its beauty and euphony, in the eyes and ears of moderns. But the name has a pleasing scriptural association, and it was the name of Swift.

Joseph has a meaning which renders it an universally applicable and appropriate name. It signifies an *addition*, and so all children are called and considered at birth. Beside the beautiful story of the first bearer of the designation, other associations of a later era are connected with this name, in the lives of Joseph Addison and others. Joshua means a *saviour*. Mark is by some said to be from the Latin instead of the Hebrew; if from the latter, its signification is *high*, if from the former, *martial*. Matthew denotes a *gift*, and Michael, who is like God? Joshua Reynolds, Mark Akenside, Matthew Prior, and Michael Drayton, are examples of Britons gracing these four names. Reuben is a name not in very common use, but well deserving of being more so, as the word has a signification that pictures forcibly the yearnings of a mother's heart. It means the *son of visions*. Samuel has a meaning somewhat similar—*sent from God* (*placed of God*, according to others). There are high scriptural recollections entwined with this name, and in modern times it hath not been dishonoured by being borne by Samuel Johnson. Simon is an extremely appropriate name for a child, being significative of *dutiful attentiveness*. Thomas is the last of the masculine Hebrew names, used by Christians so generally as to be worthy of notice. The meaning of it is a *twin*. Thomas is a name liable to corruptions which familiarise it into vulgarity. Though one of the most commonly used of Christian names, it is remarkable as never having had the fortune to be borne by a crowned head. A King Thomas is a thing, at least, that has never occurred

in our own reading. Even Simon, though comparatively a very rare name, has the advantage here; for who does not recollect of

“Old Sir Simon the King?”

We must now glance back in the alphabet, and notice the female names derived from Judea. Abigail is the first in order; an agreeable and euphonious name, with the fine signification of the *father's joy*, but a name thrown almost entirely out of use by its unfortunate application, in recent times, as a nickname to waiting-women. This application arose, there seems reason to believe, from Mrs Masham, Queen Anne of England's favourite, whose name was Abigail, and whose dexterous management of her influence made her an important and noted personage. Novels and farces took up the name in the sense in question, and soon clinched the matter. It is a pity that it should be so, as a beautifully expressive name has thus been spoilt.

Anne, Anna, or Hannah, signifies *kind or gracious*, and a sweet name it is in sound, as well as in meaning. It is considered by the author of the Indicator that Jo-anna, Joann, and their contraction Jane, are varieties of Anna, and that Nancy may be traced to the same root. Puleyn's Etymological Compendium, which corresponds with the Indicator in its interpretation of most of the names, merely mentions Jane as the feminine of John. Jane Grey, Joan of Arc, and many renowned females, have borne this kind and gracious name in one or other of its various forms. The signification of Deborah agrees remarkably with the idea which one is apt to attach to the name. We think of a Deborah as a gentle, meek, industrious maiden or housewife, and the meaning of the word is a *bee*. Burns made a sad attempt to degrade the name, both in sound and signification, in the words,

Then rising, rejoicing
Between his two Deborahs,

—alluding under this appellation to a couple of gentlewomen of very doubtful character. Deborah, however, retains its chaste Quakerish signification still. Judith is a name of non-like character, with an appropriate meaning—*praising*. We come now to a name, generally admitted to be the sweetest in use among Christian females, and for which Byron declares himself to have felt an absolute passion—the name of Mary. It is with regret, however, that we inform our readers that this universally beloved name has one of the most disagreeable significations that can be well imagined: it means *bitter*. Etymologists have endeavoured, by stretching a point a little, to give it the sense of *exalted*, but bitter, undoubtedly, seems to be the fair and true explanation. One can only console oneself with the thought that the long line of gentle and lovely beings who have borne the name of Mary, have given the word a prescriptive right to a better and sweeter sense. The only person we can recollect as bearing this name, to whom the original signification was decidedly applicable, was Voltaire, who, oddly enough, was named Francis Mary, after the Virgin. Bitter enough, in all his ways, was the old monarch of French literature, in all conscience. Martha is fully more unfortunate in its signification than Mary—Martha being *bitterness* itself.

Rachel is another modest non-like name, of the same order as Judith, and has the appropriate signification of a *Lamb*. Rebecca has been long associated in our minds with the image of a stately high-souled beauty, such as was pictured forth by the magic pencil of Scott; but the name itself has a much more homely, though still not an unpleasing signification. The word may be translated *full or plump*. More congenial with the idea attached to the name is the signification of Ruth, which is *trembling*, or a trembler. Sarah and Susan or Susanna, as they are amongst the most agreeable of names, so have they not the least agreeable of meanings. Sarah is a *princess*, and Susan a *lily*. How like the modest flower now mentioned is the lovely Susan of Gay's ballad! And the poet himself had in his mind the resemblance between her fair form and the flower; for he says at the close of the song,

“Adieu, she cried, and waved her Nymph hand.”

Even under the contracted form of Sue, Susan is lily-like, though as much can scarcely be said for Sall, in the case of Sarah.

All the words of Hebrew origin in general use as Christian names, have now been explained, and may perhaps no longer be to many, what they have hitherto been, *unmeaning sounds*. Whether or not the choice of names may ever come to be affected by their meaning, is more than we can determine, but certainly it is but decent for civilised people to know the meaning of the names they bear. We shall take another occasion to go over the names derived from the Greek, Latin, German, and other languages.

IMPROVEMENT IN SHEEP.

The improvement that has taken place during the last few years in the management of sheep, is really surprising; and if a farmer of the last generation were to come again, he would be quite at a loss to know how to act, and would, we think, cut but a sorry figure in this our day. The first and greatest improvement is the dipping of the sheep in autumn, whereby all the vermin are destroyed, and the poor animals can lie down in quiet without doing as they used to do, namely, rubbing upon the hurdles, or lying down and kicking, and gnawing the greater part of the wool from off their backs. Formerly it was a rare thing on the chalky soils of this coun-

try to see a flock of sheep without torn coats, and now it is a rare thing to see any part of the coat torn or displaced. If you go to the fold of a spirited farmer, in this our day, you will perceive one trough with salt for them to lick to keep them healthy, and another trough well supplied with water, and most likely you will perceive a number of other troughs filled with chaff, and such chaff cut entirely from hay; and some proud and high keepers are not content even with this, but they even mix with the said cut hay large quantities of malt dust, pollard, bran, and even oats, peas, beans, barley meal, and vetches, and every thing else that can be thought of; and then you see several women and boys, and even men, pulling up the turnips, and scraping off the dirt, and others busy with a machine cutting them in slices. In the spring also you will find provided for the flocks large pieces of vetches, rye, winter barley, winter oats, trifolium, Italian rye-grass, and many other things which the farmers of the last generation never even heard the name of; the last, though not the least, you will find in every village; and in almost every field, rape, the plant so highly extolled by shepherds, and yet so greatly dreaded. It is universally acknowledged that nothing will thrive as sheep like rape, not even corn, but that its blowing quality is so dangerous that the shepherd and master are both extremely anxious during the time that their sheep have the same for food, and with every care there will be a few losses. It is considered that the cultivation of rape has increased tenfold within these ten years, and the threshers speak in praise of this plant, for they all know that no wheat yields so well as that grown after rape.—*Berks Agricultural Report*.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE WELSHMAN.

EVAN AP HUGH, an ancient Briton from North Wales, had a mind to travel for edification; and willing to see the politest part of the world, he bent his mind for France. Now, we should observe, that there is a place in that kingdom called Brittany, which, in some parts of it, as historians do affirm, is to this day inhabited by no other kind of people but ancient Britons, as the Welsh do always term themselves; and that it was a place of refuge given them in former ages, when they were put to flight by their too powerful enemies, the English; and, therefore, it is said, the place takes its name from them.

When our traveller was landed upon the French shore, though I know not at what part of it, he inquired, in the best manner he could (for he knew not a word of French), “which was hur way to Brittany?” And, at last, whether he was directed that way by any that understood him, or whether chance had brought him there, is of no great consequence either to the reader or to the story; but so it was, by some means or other, that he got into a great forest, belonging to the French king, where he often took the diversion and exercise of hunting the wild boars. And there they were bred and kept for that purpose.

Now it happened, that, as the Welshman was wandering through this forest, he all of a sudden was surprised with a terrible noise and mighty rustling among the leaves; when, looking round to see from whence it came, he saw a monstrous wild boar come running towards him, and foaming at the mouth like a mad thing. Seeing the fierce boar thus suddenly, the poor Welshman, in some despair, began to look out sharply for some place, if possible, to shelter him in; and as Providence was pleased to order it, there happened just by him to be a hermit's cave, void of any inhabitants; and the Welshman, to his great joy, seeing the door half open, runs directly therein, and gets behind it, thinking himself perfectly secure; but he was no sooner got into the cave, than the foaming boar rushed in after him. The Welshman, finding the boar pursued him into the cave, instantly turned short out of it, and with a presence of mind and motion as quick as lightning, pulled the door as hard as he could after him; and the enraged boar, turning about also to follow him, ran full butt against the door, and which, sticking a little before, he made it now quite fast, for the more he pushed against it, the faster it was. But the poor Welshman, having as yet not recovered from his fright, he had not the power to leave the place; but there he stood, all over in a trembling sweat. In two or three minutes, or less, up came the French king and his attendants; for the boar that was now shut up in the cave was one which the king and his nobles had pursued in a chase, and which had a little outrun them. The dogs, directed by their noses, immediately made up to the door, where he was enclosed, but it stuck so fast, that their weight could not open it: so one of the king's attendants came up to the Welshman, and demanded, in French, if he had not seen a wild boar run that way; but the Welshman answered in broken English, that he did not understand him. One of the nobles, who understood English very well, asked him in that language if he had not seen a wild boar pass by him a few minutes before. “I do not know what is a wild boar,” replied the Welshman, “not I; put, indeed, here was a little shaky pig come up to me in a great passion and fury, look you, and it was going to pite me; put I was take hur by hur tail, and throw hur into that house, look you, and I believe hur was there now.” The king, who understood but little English, demanded an explanation of what the Welshman said; and the nobleman told his majesty, that he said he did not know what a wild boar was, but that there was a jack-pig came up to him, and was going to bite him, but he took him by the tail, and put him into that house. “Now, please your majesty, what they call a jack-pig in some parts of England, is a little sucking pig; so that I should think it can never be the wild boar he has put in there.” “No, no,” replied the king, “to be sure it cannot; but, however, whatever it is that he has put in there, order him to fetch it out immediately. So the aforesaid nobleman told the Welshman, that it was his majesty's pleasure that he should fetch this little jack-pig out of the house, that he might see it. But the Welshman, not caring for the task, answered him again, “Not I; if hur was want hur out, hur may fetch hur out again herself, if hur will; for I was not like to meddle

with hur any more, look you." Here the nobleman told his majesty what the Welshman said, and at the same time insinuated to his majesty, that he was but a poor ignorant fellow, and that he had very little faith in what he related. So the king ordered the spearmen who attended him in the chase, to force the door open; which they did immediately, and out came the boar with the utmost fury, when the dogs fell instantly upon him, and the sport was renewed: but the king was so amazed at what had happened about the Welshman's putting the wild boar into the cave by the tail, that he could not quit the place for some time. Said he, to his attendants, "We thought it impossible for this stranger to put such a creature into that cave, and shut the door upon him, as he said he had done, but you find it so. How came he in and the door shut, else? It was not five minutes before that we saw the creature before us; and this man, you all saw, was there by himself. How it could be otherwise, I own to me is amazing! I desire, my lord," continued he to the nobleman who was their interpreter, "that you take care that I see this wonder of a man to-morrow." So the king rode in pursuit of his sport; and the nobleman, according to his majesty's command, staid with the Welshman to give him directions where he should come to him the next day, in order to his being introduced to the king and court. Accordingly, the Welshman came, and the nobleman carried him immediately to his majesty, who, when he demanded a farther account from him concerning the wild boar, the Welshman told him the very same story, without variation. Then his majesty asked him what religion he was of, but the Welshman could give him very little account of that. He was very much pleased at the fine appearance of the gens d'armes, or life guards, and told his majesty, that "if he would give him a horse, and make him one of those fine folks, he should be obliged to hur." At this the king was a little surprised, that he asked for nothing better; but, however, he gave orders that he should be immediately equipped. And he was no sooner initiated into the corps, but all the Frenchmen therein wished him any where else, and contracted a most mighty mixture of fear and hatred for him; for not a man in the troop dared to contradict him.

The story of his putting the wild boar into the cave, was sufficient to intimidate the boldest of them. At length, the Welshman having been a kind of law-giver amongst them a great while, without the least interruption, they now began to scheme and form a plot against him, in order, if possible, to lower his mettle. So they went privately through the corps, and raised by subscription a purse of a thousand livres for any man that would challenge and fight him at any weapon; and five hundred more he was to have if he conquered. But none would undertake to do it for a great while; at last, a very good swordsman, and one who kept a fencing-school, undertook to challenge him; and in order to give him a public correction, they got leave from their commander, who was obliged to ask it of the king (for the Welshman was a great favourite of his majesty) for the honour of France, to make a pitched and public battle of it. When the Welshman received the challenge, and found that his honour, his place, and every thing of value, lay at stake, and every thing depended upon his success in this disagreeable engagement, he began to scheme all the ways he could think on to accomplish his safety and escape, and at last he resolves as follows:—

The day for this bloody battle being fixed for the morrow, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Welshman determined not to stir from home till a full quarter after, and until several messengers had come in quest of him, for the good-natured Frenchmen were in great eagerness to have him dispatched. But Taffy having staid in his apartment as long as he thought proper (either plotting or praying), he bundled up a rusty old sword and a pickaxe, and away he trudges to the place appointed. There he found his antagonist ready stript, and exercising with another master, to put his hand in against he engaged; and whole multitudes of people were assembled to see this bloody encounter, which was expected to be the most worthy of observation of any single combat that ever had been fought in that kingdom. As soon as the Welshman came to the place appointed, they all began to reproach him with a general voice for overstaying his time; and his antagonist, whose spirits were supported and kept up by the encouragement of his friends, brandished his sword, and with great eagerness challenged him to the combat. At which the Welshman carelessly replied, "Don't put yourself into passions; you shall find, look you, that I am come time enough for you presently." So, throwing down his bundle, and after pulling off his clothes very deliberately, instead of his sword he takes his spade in his hand, and looking several times very earnestly at his antagonist, he makes a mark upon the turf like a grave, and then began to dig and throw the earth out of it, and to pick with his pickaxe, and to work as hard as he was able. At length, the Frenchman, who stood vapouring and ready to engage with him, demanded, with some contempt, what he was about, and why he did not come and answer his challenge. "Ay, ay," quoth the Welshman, "you are in a plaguy hurry, look you; but, I pray you, don't trouble yourself any more about it; I shall be time enough for you, presently. But I will not come till I have done what I am about; for, as I am a shentleman and a Christian man, and every thing else in the world, I have never killt a man in my whole life, but I have bury him." "Ha! vat is dat he say?" quoth the Frenchman; "I varrant he has killed ten thousand men in his life; else, he would never take de trouble to make dis grave for me! But I will not stay to be killed!" As soon as the Frenchman saw the Welshman's eyes turned another way, he set out full drive, and ran with all the force and speed he was master of. And as soon as he was got far enough off, the Welshman, who with great joy saw him set out, now holding up his head, and seeing him, as if by accident, running away, catches up his sword, and starting after him, calls out as loud as he could, "Flood and coos! does hur run away at last, like a silian? I pray you, stop hur! stop hur! and pring hur

pack again to hur crave, look you!" But all attempts were used in vain; he never stopt till he was got off, nor was he heard of till some time after. And thus the Welshman saved both his life and credit; for no Frenchman in the whole kingdom, from that hour, dared to challenge him ever after.—*Liverpool Kaleidoscope.*

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

[BY JOHN M'DIARMID, ESQ.]

She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven; and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this was its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of Nature to a child
In its first impression! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted, with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend.
And had not seen before. The purple fold
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still, and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness; and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows. Laura still
Stood, looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness—a star
Peep'd suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thoughts broke forth expressively—
"Father, dear father! God has made a Star!"

Dumfries Courier.

ALARM OF INVASION.

THOSE who witnessed the state of Britain, and of Scotland in particular, from the period that succeeded the war which commenced in 1803, to the battle of Trafalgar, must recollect those times with feelings which we can hardly hope to make the rising generation comprehend. Almost every individual was enrolled, either in a military or civil capacity, for the purpose of contributing to resist the long-suspended threats of invasion which were echoed from every quarter. Beacons were erected along the coast, and all through the country, to give the signal for every one to repair to the post where his peculiar duty called him, and men of every description fit to serve held themselves in readiness on the shortest summons. During this agitating period, and on the evening of the 2d February 1804, the person who kept watch on the commanding station of Home Castle, being deceived by some accidental fire in Northumberland, which he took for the corresponding signal-light in that county, with which his orders were to communicate, lighted up his own beacon. The signal was immediately repeated through all the valleys on the English border. If the beacon at St Abb's Head had been fired, the alarm would have run northward, and roused all Scotland. But the watch at this important point judiciously considered that if there had been an actual or threatened descent on our eastern seacoast, the alarm would have come along the coast, and not from the interior of the country.

Through the border counties the alarm spread with rapidity, and on no occasion when that country was the scene of perpetual and unceasing war, was the summons to arms more readily obeyed. In Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and Selkirkshire, the volunteers and militia got under arms with a degree of rapidity and alacrity, which, considering the distance individuals lived from each other, had something in it very surprising; they poured to the alarm posts on the sea-coast in a state so well armed, and so completely appointed with baggage, provisions, &c. as was accounted by the best military judges to render them fit for instant and effectual service.

There were some particulars in the general alarm which are curious and interesting. The men of Liddesdale, the most remote point to the westward which the alarm reached, were so much afraid of being late in the field, that they put in requisition all the horses they could find, and when they had thus made a forced march out of their own country, they turned their borrowed steeds loose to find their way back through the hills, and they all got back safe to their own stables. Another remarkable circumstance was, the general cry of the inhabitants of the smaller towns for arms, that they might go along with their companions. The Selkirkshire yeomanry made a remarkable march: for although some of the individuals lived at twenty and thirty miles' distance from the place where they mustered, they were nevertheless embodied in and in order in so short a period, that they were at Dalkeith, which was their alarm post, about one o'clock on the day succeeding the first signal, with men and horses in good order, though the roads were in a bad state, and many of the troopers must have ridden forty or fifty miles without drawing bridle. Two members of the corps chanced to be absent from their homes and in Edinburgh on private business. The lately married wife of one of these gentlemen, and the widowed mother of the other, sent the arms, uniforms, and chargers of the two troopers, that they might join their companions at Dalkeith. The author was very much struck by the answer made to him by the last-mentioned lady, when he paid her some compliment on the readiness which she showed in equipping her son with the means of meeting danger, when she might have left him a fair excuse for remaining absent. "Sir," she replied, with the spirit of a Roman matron, "none can know better than you that my son is the only prop by which, since his father's death, our family is supported. But I would rather see him dead on that hearth than hear that he had been a horse's length behind his companions in defence of his king and country." The author mentions what was immediately upon his own eye, and within his own knowledge, but the spirit was universal wherever the alarm reached, both in Scotland and England.

The account of the ready patriotism displayed by the country on this occasion, warmed the hearts of Scotchmen in every corner of the world. It reached the ears of the well-known Doctor Leyden, whose enthusiastic love of Scotland, and of his own district of Teviotdale, formed a distinguished part of his character. The account, which was read to him when on a sick-bed, stated (very truly) that the different corps, on arriving at their alarm-posts, announced themselves by their music playing the tunes peculiar to their own districts, many of which had been gathering-signals for centuries. It was particularly remembered, that the Liddesdale men, before mentioned, entered Kello playing the lively tune—

"O wha dare meddle wi' me,
And wha dare meddle wi' me!
My name it is little Jock Elliot,
And wha dare meddle wi' me!"

The patient was so delighted with this display of ancient Border spirit, that he sprang up in his bed, and began to sing the old song with such vehemence of action and voice, that his attendants, ignorant of the cause of exaltation, concluded that the fever had taken possession of his brain; and it was only the entry of another Borderer, Sir John Malcolm, and the explanation which he was well qualified to give, that prevented them from resorting to means of medical coercion.

The circumstances of this false alarm, and its consequences, may be now held of too little importance even for a note upon a work of fiction; but at the period when it happened, it was hailed by the country as a propitious omen, that the national force, to which much must naturally have been trusted, had the spirit to look in the face the danger which they had taken up arms to repel; and every one was convinced, that on whichever side God might bestow the victory, the invaders would meet with the most determined opposition from the children of the soil.—*Note to the Antiquary, by Sir Walter Scott.*

CRUELTY TO THE DYING HINDOOS.

In Behar the feet of the dying are not put into the river Ganges, and the low and ignorant are allowed to die in their houses; but men of rank and learning turn their parents or children out of doors, when they think they are about to die. They are placed on a mat under every inclemency of the weather, and some sacred herb or stone is placed by them, while prayers are read, until they die. If the dying man is rich, before he becomes totally senseless, there is put into his hand the tail of a cow, which he makes as the last offering to the Brahmins; but of course it is not every one that can afford such an offering. Natural affection has in general struggled very hard against the barbarity of this exposure of the dying; and although no man can avoid the ceremony, the natives of rank, from frequent observation, have acquired a very great skill in marking the symptoms which immediately precede dissolution, so that their kindred are very seldom exposed, especially in this district, until not only all hope of recovery, but until sensation, is over. Where custom renders it necessary that they should die with their feet in the river, and their house is at some distance, no doubt more suffering arises from the custom, and the conjecture cannot be so certain; because the kindred cannot wait for the last symptoms. In general, however, when any man is exposed to suffer long, the conduct of the kindred requires investigation; for there can be no doubt, that occasionally, although very rarely, this custom has been applied to the most atrocious purposes.—*Martin's Eastern India.*

ORIGIN OF THE OLD NAVAL UNIFORM.

Perhaps it is not quite correct to say, as it has been said, that George II. conferred no distinction on the navy; he gave them what they had not hitherto had, a fixed uniform dress. From the portraits in the Naval Gallery in Greenwich Hospital, Mr Locker has furnished an amusing account of the various modes in which our old admirals were clothed. Some of these ancient heroes, at one of their clubs, resolved "that a uniform dress is useful and necessary for commissioned officers, agreeably to the practice of other nations;" and a committee was appointed to wait on the Duke of Bedford, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Admiral Forbes was finally selected to this office: he was shown into a room surrounded with dresses: on being asked which he thought the most appropriate, he said, "One with red and blue, or blue and red, as these were national colours." "No," replied his grace, "the king has settled it otherwise: he saw my duchess riding in the Park a few days ago in a habit of blue faced with white, which took the fancy of his majesty, and he has ordered it as the uniform of the royal navy;" and, in 1748, it was established accordingly. We have kept the blue and white till within a few years back; but now the red has superseded the white, and thus his late majesty, William IV., restored to us our "national colours."—*Sir J. Barrow's Life of Earl Howe.*

TIME.

There is no such thing as time. It is but space occupied by incident. It is the same to eternity as matter is to infinite space—a portion of the immense occupied by something within the sphere of mortal sense. We ought not to calculate our age by the passing years, but by the passing of feelings and events. It is what we have done, and what we have suffered, makes us old.—*James.*

FINE SAYING.

It was a saying of Sir William Jones, well worthy of preservation, that "The motives to detain a creature like man in the path of duty, cannot be too powerful or too numerous."

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